Then I composed my notes orally, sentence by sentence, word by word. I could memorize such notes as if they were written. Now, when I had no paper but had to write, I could go back to the old technique. Moreover, it would fill the long days of solitary confinement.

I made an outline of the story. Then I tried to select the events that belonged to each part and began to tell the story to myself.

Days flew by. The solitary cell did not depress me. My wound healed and the spells of dizziness disappeared, but I kept the right to lie on the cot, daydreaming, sunk in my visions. . . .

Nearly two decades later when a publisher asked me for my memoirs of two revolutions in Russia, I discovered that the events of 1905 were as fresh in my mind as if they had happened only a few months before. The story was deeply engraved in my memory; in 1923 I saw it as I had told it to myself in 1905. . . .

Now more than another three decades have elapsed. In the light of recent events, the first Russian revolution has acquired a new significance. When I think of it now, I realize how close Russia was then to joining the community of free nations.

It is pointless to speculate what the further course of Russian history would have been if absolutism had been abolished by the Manifesto of October 17. This is certain, however: If democratic forces had triumphed at that time, a new balance of political power would have developed in Europe and the rest of the world. Under a constitutional regime in Russia there would have been no place for Rasputin, no place for a second revolution in the spring of 1917, no place for the seizure of power by Lenin and his acolytes before the end of the same year. Seen through the prism of later events, the first Russian revolution acquires a new meaning. It had no revolutionary tribunals, no guillotine. It had only martyrs. They believed they were fighting for the freedom of their own country, but actually more was at stake. Much that the world has suffered in the intervening decades was born of their defeat.

THE APPROACHING STORM

My personal recollections go as far back as the death of Alexander III in 1894 and the accession of Nicholas II to the throne. I remember the endless royal funeral procession, with scores of military bands and a rigid pattern of foot soldiers and cavalry regiments as, with my parents, I watched from a rented window. I recall the change in the portraits of the Tsar in public buildings, schools, and shops; the disaster at the coronation of Nicholas II, when hundreds